

# The Old Commonwealth.

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## RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

BY DEBBIE SMITH.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,  
No more to gather its thrills with its dowers;  
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,  
Where, on all beauty, death's fingers are laid;  
Weary with mingling life's bitter with sweet,  
Weary with parting, and never to meet,  
Some one has gone to its bright, golden shore;  
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door!  
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door!

Some one is resting, from sorrow and sin,  
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;  
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,  
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light,  
Weary with sorrow and never to reap,  
Weary with labor, and welcoming sleep,  
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore—  
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door!  
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously looking to meet  
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;  
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest—  
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest,  
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—  
One less to cherish, and one less to miss;  
One more departed to heaven's bright shore—  
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door!  
Ring the bell softly, there's a crape on the door!

## The Way to Keep Him.

"Oat again to-night," said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table, and donned his great coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I shall be in early; have a light in the library; good night, and with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa; "out every night; I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we've only been married two years. No man has a more orderly house; I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh, dear, why is it? I wasn't rich; he didn't marry me for money, and he must have loved me then—why does he treat me with so much neglect?" And with her mind filled with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her figure as she lay there: She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure, and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, and gathered into a rich knot at the back—"It was such a bother to curl it," she said—her cheeks were pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves—"what's the use of dressing up for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval still to be spent alone before bed time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the registers, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly and loving, could have changed to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and her headache and all sorts of bother? She's got the knack of that drawing whine so pat, that, 'pon my life, I don't believe she can speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked into the glass. If not dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening at home even with only William to admire. She arose and softly went to her own room, with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and then his love regained to keep it.

The next morning, William came into the breakfast-room in his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came to his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz, with a pretty collar and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wreath of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her, while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek, did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing around he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be stone cold," said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

"It must be cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side; and Lizzie's heart bounded as she recognized the old lover's tone and manners.

Not one fretful speech, not one complaint, fell upon William's ear through the meal. The newspaper, his usual solace during that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by his gratified interest and cordial manners.

"You will be home to dinner?" she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie. I have business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I don't expect to dine. Good-bye," and the smiling look, warm kiss and lively whistle were a marked contrast to his careless, lounging gait of the evening previous.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie, in a low whisper. "Oh, what a fool I have been for the last two years. A 'fretful dowdy.' William, you shall never say so again."

Lizzie loved her husband with real wifely devotion, and her lips would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore; but like a brave little woman, she stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen cover taken from the furniture. Lizzie thinking—"He shan't find any parlors more attractive than his own. I am determined."

Ten time came, and William came with it. A little figure in a tasty, bright silk dress, smooth curls, and oh, such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome William as he came in, and ten time passed as the morning meal had done.

After tea, there was no movement, as usual, towards the hat-rack. William stood up beside the table lingering, chattering, till Lizzie arose. She led him to the light warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangements, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting her again as he watched her fingers busy with some needle-work, and listened to the cheerful voice which he had loved so well two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?" "A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how you admired the pair I worked for you, oh! ever so long ago?"

"I remember; black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wish time would move faster to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually wearing it from its allegiance; then she said:

"I wonder if you like music as much as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I often go in at Mrs. Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Miss Smith," said Lizzie, half-pouting. "But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it and we shall see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a sweet voice, and not powerful but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Ballads, Lizzie?"

"Oh, yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlor."

One song after another, with a nocturne occasionally between them, filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little mantle clock struck eleven. "Eleven! I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to for staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; but glancing back; he saw his little wife near the fireplace, her hands clasped, her head bent and large tears falling from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"Oh, William, I have been such a bad wife. I heard you tell Mr. Moore last evening how I had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant, indeed I will, if you will only forgive and love me."

"Love you? Oh, Lizzie, you cannot guess how dearly I love you!"

And as the little wife lay down that night, she thought:

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned the way to keep him!"

A country editor once received the following:—"Dear Sir: I have looked carefully and patiently over your paper for six months, for the death of some individual I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul, I care anything about, has dropped off. You will please to have my name erased."

Fools build houses and wise men buy them.

Gold goes in at any gate except heaven's.

Out of debt out of danger.

## THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE.

Francis Lightfoot Lee, a younger brother of Richard Henry Lee, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the fourteenth day of October, 1734. He was too young when his father died to be sent abroad to be educated, but was favored with every advantage in the way of learning which the colony afforded. He was placed at an early age under the care of the Reverend Doctor Craig, a Scotch clergyman of eminent piety and learning. His excellent tutor not only educated his head but his heart, and laid the foundation of character, upon which the noble superstructure, which his useful life exhibited, was reared.

On the return of Richard Henry Lee from England, whither he had been to acquire a thorough education, Francis, who was then just stepping from youth into manhood, was deeply impressed with his various acquirements and polished manners, and adopted him as a model for imitation. He leaned upon his brother's judgment in all matters, and the sentiments which moved the one impelled the other to action. And when his brother with his sweet voice and persuasive manner, endeavored, by popular harangues, to arouse his friends and neighbors to a sense of the impending danger, which act after act of British oppression shadowed forth, Francis caught his spirit of politics, he was a full-fledged patriot, and with a "pure heart and clean hands" he espoused the cause of freedom.

In 1765, Mr. Lee was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, for London county, while his brother was member of the same House, for Westmoreland county. By annual election, he continued a member of the Virginia Assembly for London, until 1772, when he married the daughter of Col. John Taylor, of Richmond, and moved to that city. He was at once elected a member for Richmond, and continued to represent that county until 1775, when the Virginia Convention elected him a delegate to the Continental Congress. During his whole term of service in the General Assembly of his State, he always acted in concert with the patriotic burgesses.

Mr. Lee was not a fluent speaker, and seldom engaged in debate; but his sound judgment, unwavering principles, and persevering industry, made him a useful member of any legislative assembly. He sympathized with his brother in his yearnings for independence, and it was with great joy, that he voted for and signed the instrument which declared his country free.

Mr. Lee continued in Congress, until 1779, and was the member, for Virginia, of the committee which framed the Articles of Confederation. Early in the spring of 1779, he retired from Congress and returned home, with the intention of withdrawing wholly from public life, to enjoy those sweets of domestic quiet which he so ardently loved. But his fellow citizens were unwilling to dispense with his valuable services, and elected him a member of the Virginia Senate. He, however, remained there but for a brief season, and then bade adieu to public employments. He could never again be induced to leave his domestic pleasures; and he passed the remainder of his days in agricultural pursuits, and the enjoyments to be derived from reading and study, and the cheerful intercourse with friends. Possessed of ample wealth, he used it like a philosopher and a Christian in dispensing its blessings for the benefit of his country and his fellow men.

In April, 1797, he was prostrated by an attack of palsy, which terminated his life in the course of a few days. He was in the sixty-third year of his age. His wife was attacked by the same disease, and died a few days after the decease of her husband.

Lord Clare, who was much opposed to Curran, one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and during Curran's speech, turned aside and caressed the animal. Curran stopped. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh! I beg a thousand pardons," was the rejoinder, "I thought your lordship was in consultation."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said a showman; "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lion by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

A Hartford man wants to sell a farm in which "meandering streams and rivulets permeate luxuriant pastures, while majestic oaks and stately maples attract the eye of the beholder."

## A GERMAN RAILWAY STORY.

It was in a third class carriage. She was a pleasant faced young woman, going, I think, for the first time after her marriage, to visit her parents in her old home, to show them their two fine grandchildren. At least, this was the little history I built up for her in my own brain from a word or two I heard between her and her young husband at the station, as he put her into the carriage with an affectionate farewell. I always watch with great interest the farewells and greetings of my fellow travelers, and have a fashion of thinking out for myself the whole story of their previous lives from the little hints that I get in this way. It is to me as if I were permitted to open the second volume of an interesting romance, and allowed to read only one short scene in this, and asked to guess as nearly as possible from this one scene the previous course of the story and the characters of the actors in it.

The young child was an infant of about three or four months old—very quiet and good; the other was a pretty, restless little girl of three, and kept the careful mother busy by her questions and wants and childish prattle. She was not at all bashful, and soon talked to us also in such a natural, coquetish, condescending way, that we were quite in love with the charming little lassie, and begged her mother not to check her innocent advances to us.

When we had been traveling together for two or three hours, and began to feel quite like old acquaintances, while the train was going at full speed, the mother half arose from her seat to place the little girl who had left her place, again on the opposite seat. How it happened I never understood; it was one of those accidents which seems impossible, and, in fact, only happens once in a hundred thousand times; just as she stood half erect, holding her sleeping babe upon one arm, and her little frolicsome maiden somewhat awkwardly on the other, the little girl made one of her sudden and quick movements, and in an instant she was gone from our eyes.

What a moment! The poor mother stood fixed and rigid in exactly the same attitude, her arms still bent as though around her child, gazing with wide open, fixed eyes at the place where she vanished. She seemed literally suddenly turned to stone; with the rest of us the case was almost the same. How long this lasted I do not know; doubtless it seemed to us much longer than it really was. Then the young mother seemed to come to herself, and made a sudden movement as if she would spring through the window after her vanished darling, now so far away. I caught her quickly and held her, while the kind young lady who sat opposite to her took the baby from her arms, and went on to talk together, no one listening to the other, about what was to be done for her. Somehow we managed in our excitement to do all that was possible; the guard came, the train stopped, and the mother, without speaking to one of us, or even looking at us, left the train, supporting herself on one arm of the sympathizing guard, while he held the still sleeping babe fast in the other.

Of course the train must go with increased speed to make up for the moment of delay, so there was no chance for us to see more of the poor bereaved mother. "Telegraph to us at the next station," said one of the railroad functionaries to the guard. "Yes, yes, be sure to do it," immediately, cried a dozen voices; for in some mysterious way the news of the accident had run through the train as if by electricity, and a long row of sympathizing faces watched from the carriages the disappearing form of the mother and her guard.

"It will take her half an hour to reach the spot, and it is just thirty five minutes now to the next station," said the stout gentleman in the corner taking out his watch and holding it open in his hand, his eyes fixed upon it. He had struck me as one of the most self and disagreeable old gen-

tle possible, scarcely answering a polite question from a neighbor, and then in the shortest and gruffest manner possible, he had seemed completely absorbed by his newspaper and his snuff-box, not having noticed the little fairy in any way except to glance at her now and then with a savage expression as her clear childish laugh had disturbed his reading. Now his whole soul seemed to be fixed on the watch before him, and he "chided the tardy flight of time" in words more forcible than ornamental.

Now that we are there; the train halts, and one of the guards ran quickly into the little office over which "Telegraph" is painted. Everybody who possibly got his or her head out of the window on that side thrust

it out. There is a moment of intense suspense; here comes the guard again with a dispatch in his hand; he stands about midway between the ends of the train, and begins to read it out in his clear, loud, official tones: "Child perfectly sound; alighted on a pile of straw in a field, not two feet from a stone wall!"

Then what a scene! Every man at the train window has his hat off in a moment and is waving it and cheering as if he would split his throat; every woman is buried in her pocket handkerchief, crying and laughing together. The old egotist and the vain young dandy have thrown their arms around each other, and are embracing with that heartiness that belong to the sons of the Vaterland, although they have never met before this morning. The stiff old maid has shaken my hands in both hers so many times I feel they are quite sore.

All the inhabitants of the little village come running around the train; "What is it? Where is he? Is it the Kaiser himself, or is it the Kronprinz?" they ask in bewildered excitement at the sight of ours.

But all the Kaisers and Kronprinses in Europe put together could not have aroused the flood of feeling that surged through that train. It was sympathy with a sentiment far older than loyalty—older than the Kings to whom loyalty is due—which was stirring every heart; it was sympathy with a mother's love!

(From the Stanton (Va.) Vindicator.)  
George Washington.

THE VINDICATOR BIRTH DAY STORY FOR LITTLE BOYS.

Dear Boys—next Tuesday is the birthday of George Washington. It is a very serious thing to be born children, much more serious than it is to die. I think it must make the angels sorry when they see a bad boy born. They can see a long way ahead and they can see all the trouble he is going to give his dear mother, and all the trouble he is going to give himself, and see all the trouble he is going to give God. And I have no doubt when they bring a little soul down upon their bright white wings and put it into the world, and know what it has got to go through they just get off in a corner of the room and have a hearty cry. It would make even a good person cry, and angels have much better hearts than the best of persons. You don't hear them or see them cry but the worst crying in the world, children, is that that you don't hear or see. The hottest tears that people ever shed are those that drop into their hearts. And it is a serious matter for more than the little boy, for often when the angels bring him down, they wait, a little bit and take his mother back to Heaven with them. And children that makes the saddest thing in the world a motherless child.

A great many people are born that never wanted to be born, and when they grow up they can't get any satisfaction out of anybody for it. But for all that, the people in the world quarrel with 'em and are rough with 'em just as if they had come here on purpose. Sometimes little persons get so disgusted with the whole business that they go back almost directly, and then grown people cry over 'em and are very sorry but it's too late. The most time that a boy's wishes he hadn't been born, is when his father tells him he'd come up and see him after he is in bed. There ain't anything in the world that goes so slow as a boy does, when he undresses with a promise like that from his father. A snail goes very fast compared with him, and when he gets into bed I think he could hear a mouse on the steps, he is so anxious about his dear father's health. A girl wishes most that she had never been born, when she is dressed up for a picnic and it commences raining; or, when her grandfather dies just as they are going to have a party at their house; or, when they have a school commencement, and the dress-maker sends home a dress that don't fit. Do you know I have known even a grown girl to wish that, when her dress didn't fit.

The best thing that a person can do after he is born, and sees there is no help for it, is to make the best of it, and say nothing about it. Most of us, you will find, have to do that, though all don't. I have known babies to make an awful row about it, such a row that other people besides themselves wished they had never been born, and their fathers and mothers would be filled with the greatest remorse that they ever let them come.

When George Washington was born the first thing they knew about him was that he had a good deal of saleratus in him. Nobody can tell you what that is children but you will know it when you see it. When your Pa says you shan't do a thing and your Ma

says you shall, and says, "I'd like to know if I am not to manage my own child," and your Pa just puts on his hat and gets out of the house easy, you may be certain that your Ma has got all the saleratus of the family. George commenced life by fighting the Indians—all boys that are going to turn out good for anything commence by fighting Indians, and those that turn out good for nothing commence by fighting Tigers, though you can't understand this yet—he bothered 'em so that though they shot at him ever so often they couldn't hit him. So much you see for having saleratus in you.

If there was one thing that George was fonder of than another it was telling the truth. I reckon you have heard that story, but, perhaps, you have heard it the wrong way, for a great many people write about the truth now-a-days that don't tell it. So I will tell you the true story. George was so fond of the truth, that even if he caught his own father in a story, it would fret him. So one day, after he grew up, he was out in the garden and saw where some one had cut down a tree. He asked his father, who came along, who did it, and the old man said a man named Smith did it. And George got a copy of the census table and looked at it, and found that no man named Smith had ever been born, much less cut down a tree, and he went back and larruped the old man on the spot. So you see, a boy who loved the truth well enough to lick his own father for not telling it, was bound to be a great man. The story got mixed up a great deal by the neighbors, who were looking over the fence and wanted to make out like they knew all about it, but this is the only true version, and anybody who says it ain't won't be allowed to read the Vindicator any more, which is as good as killing them. They are so many unreliable papers now-a-days, that it is a streak of luck to get one that tells what you can rely on. If you expect to get along, boys, tell the truth. I never knew but one boy that got the worst of it. His mother suspected him of something he hadn't done and begged him to tell the truth about it. He stuck to it that he hadn't, and his mother thrashed him, but when she found out that he hadn't done it, she was so sorry, that there was no amount of cakes and preserves that he couldn't have had, if he would only have taken them. But he was a martyr, and martyrs don't eat cakes and preserves, and he wouldn't touch them. So he got so proud and stuck up at having been licked for nothing, and carried his head so high, and made the house so disagreeable that his father had to thrash him to get the extra saleratus out of him. The difference, boys, between your Ma thrashing you and your Pa doing it, is the same as between a breeze and a hurricane. What your Pa leaves of you, if Mr. Cushing was to put it up at auction, wouldn't hardly bring a cent. You might probably do like George Washington did, and wait till you are grown up and pay your Pa and Ma back, but the old folks are so cunning now-a-days, that they always manage to make it all right for themselves before their time comes around to be licked.

You will see, dear boys, that I have given you a very full and accurate account of the life of George Washington. His many virtues which I have noticed so fully, you will find worthy of imitation, and as to his vices, you must do as does the gentle tombstone, and pass them by in silence. He was the Father of His Country! Whether you will be the Father of yours, lies chiefly with yourself and the ballot-box, but chiefly with the latter. If you succeed, your salary will be \$50,000 a year and perquisites; if you fail, you will land in the Missouri penitentiary. In either case the Vindicator will be furnished you regularly at \$2 per annum—strictly in advance. Whiskey rings furnished at club rates.

Look ye UP.—Mr. Eggleston, in his book, "The Big Brother," says something so good that it ought to be passed around: "It will not hurt you, boys and girls, to learn a little accurate geography, by looking up these places before going on with the story, and if I were your school-master, instead of your story-teller, I should stop here to advise you always to look on the map for every town, river, lake, mountain, or other geographical thing mentioned in any book or paper you read. I would advise you, too, if I were your school-master, to add up all the figures given in books and newspapers, to see if the writers have made any mistakes; and it is a good plan, too, to go at once to the dictionary when you meet a word you do not quite comprehend, or to the encyclopedia or history, or whatever else is handy, whenever you read about anything and would like to know more about it."

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty is," said the man, "they are too big to work."

The German.  
A "SOCIETY" DANCE ABOUT WHICH "OLD PEOPLE" HEAR SO MUCH, BUT KNOW SO LITTLE.

Some of the Washington Star's subscribers having asked for a definition of the "german," now so popular as a society dance, the paper proceeds to enlighten them, and as some of our readers may be in the same condition of blissful ignorance, we give its explanation:

A "german," or, as Europeans call it, a "cotillon," is danced by any number of couples, though twenty or thirty is considered preferable to a larger number, as each couple then has more frequent opportunity to enjoy the enticing waltz. A "leader," who directs all the manoeuvres of the dance, is always chosen from the gentlemen who best understand how to conduct the figures in the manner most satisfactory to all concerned. He must select the figures and lead therein, as his official title denotes. He must give the signal for the music to begin and cease, and also for the dancers to begin and cease their evolutions. This last he does by clapping his hands, and it is expected that instant obedience shall be rendered him. The ball room where a german is to be danced is bountifully provided with chairs, which are distributed along the walls. The chairs are tied together in couples and numbered. The gentlemen who have engaged partners draw for seats, as there is an opportunity for much favoritism to be shown if the leader is allowed the right to choose the seats for all. No leader cares to do this; his other duties are too numerous and onerous to make any addition thereto desirable. All the couples being seated, and the hour for the german to begin having arrived, the leader signals the band and notifies a certain number of couples to come upon the floor. These, in turn, select others, the gentlemen selecting the ladies they most wish to join them, and the ladies inviting gentlemen from among those not on the floor at the time. The leader then marshals his forces and puts them through any figure he may select or invent. Sometimes he has a "hands all round," with the ladies in a ring in the centre and the gentlemen behind them, and at a given signal the figure which used to be known as the basket quadrille is formed. The ladies are then drawn up in line on one side of the room, and the gentlemen on the other, and when the leader signals the two lines advance, form in couples, and waltz until the leader claps the notification for all to be seated. He next calls upon the floor another set, and the figure is repeated. When all the couples have been in turn called out, the band is given a rest, and the dancers as well, and after an interval a new figure is begun. The "favors," of which so much is said when a german is mentioned, are pretty little ornaments designed in innumerable styles. Sometimes they are pretty little toys, again tiny silken flags, or diminutive bouquets, and sometimes imitations of the decorations bestowed by foreign governments upon distinguished men. Occasionally some pretty article of a lady's toilet is imitated. Toy fans, "dog-collars" of velvet, studded with gold or silver-gilt ornaments, chateaux, and even bangles are often produced in the favors. Those usually seen, however, are rosettes of spangled tulle and satin ribbon, with some ingenious and pretty device as a central ornament. When the leader calls couples upon the floor for a "favor figure" they at once proceed to the lady who is presiding over the entertainment and she distributes among the belles favors appropriate to begin to the beaux and vice versa. Then each lady selects a gentleman and pins a favor to the lapel of his coat, and each gentleman decorates with a favor the lady with whom he wishes to dance. The leader signals and all who have been thus decorated enjoy a waltz until notification to quit is given, that others may have their turn. The ladies who receive the greatest number of favors are, of course, considered the most popular belles. The favors may, therefore, be regarded as ballots cast for candidates for belleship. The young girls, of course, preserve their trophies as proofs of their triumphs. Many of them have adopted the custom of decorating their boudoirs with their favors. Some of the most popular of our belles have the walls of their private apartments covered with these glittering souvenirs of the pleasures of the winter.

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all of them. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to earn something for you." "The difficulty is," said the man, "they are too big to work."











